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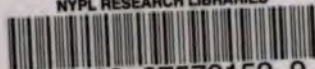
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Things · That · Are · Mine

SCOTTIE MCKENZIE FRASIER

Poetry, American.

To
Oscar + Jean
with my beautiful wish
Sally & Margie Francis



Things That Are Mine

THINGS THAT ARE MINE

By

SCOTTIE M^cKENZIE FRASIER

Author of

FAGOTS of FANCY

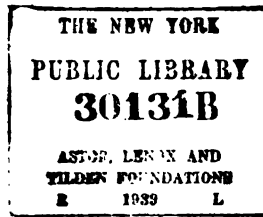


STEEN HINRICHSEN

CHICAGO

1922

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Printed in The United States of America

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Poetry, American

To
Oscar & Jean
with every beautiful wish
Saulth McKenzie Fraser

NB!

Fraser



Things That Are Mine

1984

Things That Are Mine

The white flakes of the blowing snow,
The silvery lights of the crescent moon,
The jasmine-scented nights of June,
The dandelions dancing with the wind,
The smell of the new-ploughed ground,
The black swallows circling round and round,
The plaintive cry of a bird at night,
The wild plum trees in their bridal white,
Robins telling their secrets
From tree to tree—
All of these belong to me.

A Rose

If God can make a rose
So fragrant in the morning,
So exquisite in the dew,
God can make a soul!
I have never seen a rose
Compare in loveliness with you.



My Heart

My heart:

A humming bird with a broken wing,

A butterfly crushed in the sand,

A flower scorched by the midday sun,

A child lost in the night.

Yet, if you would return

There would be no pain—

I should forget.

I Shall Wait

Somewhere in the world there must be Love,
Not a flicker, a flash, then ashes;
But the pure fire.
There must be, or why this hunger,
This cry of my soul unsatisfied?
In the silence of the night,
When only the stars keep watch,
I seem to hear you calling me—
You, the mate of my desire.
No, I will not be content
With the little flame
That flickers a moment then dies.
I shall await the Fire
That will burn forever with white heat.
Knowing that some day you will come to me—
I shall wait—

When You Are Away

You are the beauty of the dawn,
You are the perfume of the flowers,
You are the peace of a summer's day;
All the joy of life is gone
When you are away.

Silence

When I am with you I am silent;
My heart is dumb in the presence of your love;
Yet, I wish I might tell
How dear you are to me!
How I have dreamed
That some day you would come.
Always I have known your face, your eyes,
Even the fineness of your hair.
Now that I am far away
I long to tell you
How much I care.

Poetry

Poetry? . . .

The smile on a baby's face,

The perfume of a rose,

The laugh of happy children,

The Autumn wind that blows,

The bright wings of the butterfly,

The crimson and gold of the evening sky.

Regret

By a careless act,
A thoughtless word,
I wounded a human heart.
Darkness has settled over the world,
No stars come out to shine,
The blackness of the night oppresses me.
But the radiance of all the suns
Would seem a lesser light
To the joy that it would bring,
If on some fairy's wing
Could be brought back to me
The cruel words of mine
That wounded you.

Alleen

An oriole in a dark tree,
A star shining through a black cloud,
A mirror reflecting only loveliness.
Alleen,
You are more than this to me.

To MY LITTLE SISTER

I Miss You

A Love Song

I miss you in the morning
And at the close of day,
I miss you in the springtime
And along the moonlit way.

I love you always, always,
Forever and a year;
Come back, come back to me,
I am so lonely, dear.

Come back and let me rest
In the sunlight of your smile,
Come back and make my life
One perfect, golden while.

Why I Know

I know I love you,
For when I view some scene of loveliness
I long for you!
When joy spill her gifts into my life . . .
I want to give them all to you.
When sorrow kneels beside me
And I weep alone
I whisper no name but yours.
If my life were ending
And the Angel of Death
Granted me one last wish,
It would be this:
That you might hold my hand
At the parting of the way . . .
If you were near
I would not be afraid.

My Enemy

You are my enemy—
You steal my thoughts.
How can I work
When your smile dances
On the pages of my book?
How can I write
When the music of your voice
Echoes in my ears?
You are everywhere;
I have no world
Unless you are there.
If I close my eyes
I feel your arms around me.
I know I am conquered;
The things that counted once
Now play a minor part,
Since you came
And took away my heart.

The Call to The Writer

With the first breath of Spring,
Which steals into my study,
A vision of you comes to me.
The honeysuckle is in bloom
Along the wall of your garden.
Away, away with the musty tome—
The honeysuckle tempts
With the scent of its lips
And you
Who would have dreamed
You would play the villian's part,
And slip with Spring into my study
To steal away my heart.

Love

A miracle wrought by some distant God,
A madness that intoxicates,
A flame burning with divine ecstasy,
A song no harp can imitate.



*You have held me in your arms
And kissed my closed eyes.
Love ?
I know.*

A Wish

I want to be a God
And live on high Olympus;
I want to sit upon the moon
And frolic with the clouds.
I want to chase the swiftest worlds,
And swing on the gate of heaven;
I want to sail on silvery mists,
And dance with meteors wild;
I want to heap star-dust
On some fair Olympian child.

Marriage

A key to one of two gates
Standing side by side.
One leads into a stubble field where thistles grow
And where the gray clouds drip monotonous rain.
The other opens into a garden of flowers
Where butterflies dance, birds sing,
And happy children play.
Brave men with tight-shut eyes
Boldly unlock one of the gates—
And when they hear the rain
They never open their eyes—
They pretend to be both deaf and blind.

A Dandelion

Why do you go through the world
Like a star shooting through the deeps of Heaven?
Are you a winged messenger of the Gods?
Or are you a golden note in some Divine Symphony?
You are as alone
As a lost Soul—
Have you a sin on your heart unconfessed?
This your punishment: no peace, no rest?



When You Leave Me

I shall not cry when you leave me;
I shall smile and bid you a gay farewell.
Then, when you think of me
You will remember my smile,
And you will not know
That my heart was breaking.

The Gypsy

This house, these walls are strangling me,
For I am a gypsy and must be free;
I hear the call of the winding street,
The trails of the mountain beckon my feet.
Red birds are singing in the forest tree;
Pine needles have made a bed for me.
Out yonder beneath a silver sky,
With only the stars and the wood folk nigh,
I shall find the peace I know not here;
For in the forest God is near.

Will You Love Me?

Will you love me
Even though the years
Should silver my hair,
And sorrow should dim
My eyes with tears,
And on my face
Should be written
Deep lines of care?
Will you love the soul of me
That has loved you
Since first we met?
If I should lose your love,
Eternity would be
One long regret.

Challenge

Death, I am not afraid of you.
You shall not drop me into nothingness.
I have seen a worm turn into a butterfly . . .
When you think you have conquered me,
By breaking my body in two,
You will find that you have made a door
For the hand of God to reach through.

Old Perfume

It was long ago
When you held me in your arms,
Yet like spring, my heart
Is mad with a joyous ecstasy . . .
You seem so near.



Thus alone
I linger in the haunts you loved,
And welcome old memories
Back to my heart.

The Tramp

The woods, the road, and the tall pine tree—
Each in its own way is calling me.
The moon, the sky, and the stars above
Are saying to me: "Come, come away."
I long to linger a golden while
To drink of your beauty
And bask in your smile.
Dear Heart, I cannot stay;
The call of the tramp is too strong today.
It is the lure of the sky,
The mountain trail,
The tall pine tree;
They are ever calling,
Calling me.

Tapestry

The poet takes the rose-tinted dawn
Of his hopes,
And the silvery laughter of his youth,
Together with the yearnings
Of his soul unsatisfied.
With these he weaves
His shattered faith,
His unanswered prayers,
His vision of beauty and truth.
He stains this tapestry
With his own heart's blood;
Then he softens the flame
With the colors of the sea
Mixed with the hues of the skies;
He dips it in fresh mountain streams
And scents it with lovely flowers.
He spices it with green pine needles
And ties the unused threads
With the memory of his golden dreams.

A Mother to Her Baby

So long you lay beneath my heart
And I breathed for you
Now as your little head
Rests against my breast,
I wonder if it is true
That you are really mine,
Or if
I am still dreaming of you.

The Church Bell

The sun is shining;
Near my window
A rose is smiling;
In the tall oak tree
A bird to his mate is singing.
The distant church bell is ringing;
Shall I answer the call?
No, I shall follow
The yellow butterflies
Over the green fields;
I shall lie beneath the trees
And listen to the birds;
I shall listen to the chatter
Of the squirrels;
I shall listen to the laughter
Of the dancing brook . . .
While I listen,
I shall hear God's voice.

I will go to church when it rains.

Alone

A robin is in the garden.
Alone he forages in the grass.
Where is his mate?
Where is his little note of music?
The thrush is merry in his song,
Even the jay is joyous.
Is the robin merely looking for worms?....
Like the robin,
I work all day to forget the pain
That like a dagger pierces my heart.

Florida Pines

I saw the Florida pines
With their hearts bleeding into cups—
They call it "tapping the trees."

Merely verses— lines and rhymes.
Ab! Poet, I know,
Life has tapped your heart.

New York

I Love
The skyscrapers with their many lights,
The mist that envelops the city
On warm spring nights,
The gold reflections after rain,
The Avenue with its dress parades,
The river and its gorgeous palisades.
I love this city
Where hearts grow big,
Where men and women dare to think,
And reveal their souls
In their creative work.
I love its grandeur,
Its thrilling beauty,
The vastness of its achievements.
Why do I love New York?
When I am lonely in a small town
It is then I know.

Shadowland

In the water of the pool
I see the tall pine tree reflected;
Water lilies crisp and cool
Are also mirrored there,
Along with the sky
And the white clouds.
In Shadowland the pool's lilies
Have no fragrance
And the needles of the pine
Lose their spicy odor.
I wonder—
If we live
Among the stately shadows
Of God's world.

The Peacock

A peacock struts beneath my window,
Spreading his tail like a painted fan;
No rare orchid has such wealth of color.
Yet, the peacock cannot sing;
Nor does he render the world one deed of service.

The peacock has gone;
Only dead weeds are beneath my window.
Did the Gods make this vivid bird for a decoration—
To let beauty walk in the midst of dying weeds,
In the cold blue haze of a January day?

Death

Death took away my Friend;
Sorrow reigned in his home.
Those who came to do him honor
Spoke in whispers and were sad.
The very stillness of the house
Filled my heart with dread;
I bowed my head
When I looked up
My friend was standing near.
He seemed the same
Except for a radiance
That shone upon his face.
He spoke in his old familiar way:
"Look on my body lying here
As you would upon my old garment;

Wear no black for me,
Do not wish me back again.
My life is full of joy and freedom."
He vanished as silently as he came.
I rose and looked upon his face of clay;
There was a smile so peaceful
I knew he had beheld a vision
As he entered the dawn of his New Day.
No, I will not grieve for him, nor sorrow;
For on that night
When I kept watch beside the Dead
I learned Death's secret;
Death is a Gate
Through which men pass
To enter into a bigger, better life.
When Death summons me,
I shall walk in proudly
With spirit undaunted.
I will not fear
When the last Gate is near.

The Tropics

A Modern Adonis To Sylvia

In this tropical land
God has lavished his riches;
Orchids are scattered everywhere;
Rarest of flowers carpet the earth;
Birds of gayest plumage flit here and there;
Nature's richest perfumes scent the air.
Yet, I hear only your song
In the notes of the birds;
I behold your eyes
In the blue of the skies;
I see only your lovely hair
In the gold of the dawn;
I hear your soft whisperings
In the murmur of the waves;
I hear the rustle of your gown
In the swish of the palms—
In this tropical land I walk apart
Clasping dreams of you to my heart.

The Surgeon

He is tall with hair almost red,
He is swift of movement and quick of judgment.
When things go wrong
He is a thunder cloud with zigzag lighthing.
Once, when the surgeon had worked with infinite
skill
To save a life that was burning low,
The suffering man looked up and said:
"I was dying and my body was wracked with pain
When some one came and gave me life again.
I thought it was God;
But now I know it was God and you."

To Dr. ALFRED SMITH FRASIER

An Empty House

My heart is an empty house
Since you went away,
The memory of your voice
Echoes from its lonely walls.
How can you leave me
When I love you so?
Does your heart ache too?
Ah! how I long to know.

The Things I Love

A butterfly dancing in the sunlight,
A bird singing to his mate,
The whispering pines,
The restless sea,
The gigantic mountains,
A stately tree,
The rain upon the roof,
The sun at early dawn,
A boy with rod and hook,
The babble of a shady brook,
A woman with her smiling babe,
A man whose eyes are kind and wise,
Youth that is eager and unafraid—
When all is said, I do love best
A little home where love abides,
And where there's kindness, peace and rest.

Gifts

Give me work to do,
Give me health,
Give me joy in simple things.
Give me an eye for beauty,
A tongue for truth,
A mind that reasons,
A heart that loves,
A sympathy that understands;
Give me neither malice nor envy
But a true kindness
And a noble common sense.
At the close of each day
Give me a book,
And a friend with whom
I can be silent.

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Presswork by *Paul Triebel*. Paper

from *American Writing Paper*

Company, Binding by *A.J. Cox*

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